

The Saturday Evening

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

COMPASSION.

Daughter of Heaven! it is thy gentle soul
Can suffice grief, and tell the sterner fear;
'Tis thou canst off the phrensy's heat control,
And wipe from arrows eye the swelling tear.
Behold! where poverty in vice attire,
Sits o'er some obscure victim as her prey,
Thy gentle hand with kind subduing power,
Her modest grace attempting to subdue.
Thy seem a mild dove pluming transport being,
Even to that heart as wretchedness consign'd;
Or where if sickness drops her haggard wing,
Can't smooth the brow by care and illness, pain'd.
Then gentle nymphs, still at thy pitying shrine,
This heart shall tend, to deaf affection given,
Those charms of hallowed purity are thine,
Thy every accent but the breath of Heaven.

ELLEN.

TO MARY.

Mary, sweet girl! thy sympathetic strain,
Appears to tell of blighted friendship's pain,
Which prompts a tear upon thy beauteous cheek;
That would regret, thy heart-felt anguish speak;
May, while she sits, nor think me cold, severe,
How Ellen still thy friendship doth rever.
Since that thy gentle heart would seek to prove,
Those sweet endearments of sister'd love.

ELLEN.

TO MRS. H. S.

I cannot live and love thee not;
When far away
From thee I stay,

Should transient tongue of rival youth,
Or jealous maid, tell me my truth,
Let the false rumour move thee not.

And if when I am near thee not,
Some body sue
Shall bid me know.

Another tasks in my love's smile,
The tale I'll heed not of thy gale—

Thou can't so change—I fear thee not.

Then let our parting grieve thee not,
But quell that sigh,
And from thine eye

I'll kiss away the gathering tear,
And think, in one short leaving year,

I shall return, to leave thee not.

AMPHION.

STANZAS.

Oh! to the Maiden I fondly love,
On take this flower;
Tell her the dew on it fell from above,
In 'tis only hour.
If she shall place the rose on her breast,
And say unto me,
"Oh! tell my love I now am best!"
I will happy be.
But if she shall look on thee in scorn,
And bid thee depart!
Then cast the rose to the breeze of the morn:
But 'twill break my heart!

CYRUS.

PROMPTO.—TO ELLEN.

"Thy name is car'd,"
Thy name is car'd in yonder grove,
Where peace delights to dwell;
Where I in pleasure often rove,
To paint thy happy dell.
Thy name is car'd in yonder shade,
Where fragrant breezes blow;
Where sorrow's form shall never invade
Contentment's happy bower.
Thy name is car'd in memory's page,
Where blooming wreaths illume;
'Neath "Evergreens" whose dying age
Forever is in bloom.

LEMUS.

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

(Inscribed to my Cousin M. W.*****.)
Hail! lovely flower,
How sweet this hour,
Thy charms extend, tho' wet with dew;
To prove fruit,
The joys of love,
To see thy gentle fade from view.
The night retires,
The morn with fires
Sends searching beams with fervid ray;
Upon the glade,
There wilt thou fade,
And vanish smiling to decay.
Yet evening brings,
And nature flings,
Thy scented fragrance o'er the ground;
Yes, every view,
At evening now,
With pleasure is the Primrose found;
Oh! then when Death,
Shall end our breath,
May we, like thee, breathe sweet perfume,
And feel, the' dead,
A being sped,
Leave an everlasting bloom.

LEMUS.

TO MISS ANN K.*****.

Oh! Anna, from this heart of mine,
Accept the sacred pledge of love;
It is a flame so pure, divine,
That first is bea'm'd in realms above!
And now its genial ray would throw
Fresh lustre round thy fairy form,
And bless thee in this vale below,
With nught that can thy bower warm.
Dear Anna, it is friendship's smile,
That plays upon thy rosy cheek;
But can't thou, now my woes begone
With love itself?—Oh! Anna speak!
Thou can't! and now my heart is brest!
Nor is there ought on earth I crave;
For on thy bosom I will rest,
Dear girl, till summ'd to the grave.

LUCIEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mrs. Editors,
I have read with much pleasure, and I hope
considerable profit, your useful paper, which, in
my opinion, contains *Abolition in Paro*, and which
still continues to improve. There is one thing
however, which I do not recollect that you have
taken any notice of, it is the unmanly vice of
SWALLOWS; which, though now very unfashionable,
is still otherwise of good disposition, and is

other respects, both useful and ornamental mem-
bers of Society. I am led into this train of reflec-
tions, by some of my best friends being notorious-
ly addicted to it. I know not what to call it, per-
haps a want of thought will best express my idea:
and, indeed, to this we may chiefly attribute most of
the vices of mankind; for, whatever the peevish
misanthrope may advance, human nature is not so
bad at the bottom, but sober reason and calm re-
flection, if summoned up to her assistance in due
time, will, in general, be found sufficient to coun-
teract all the *foreign stimuli* of immorality and vice;
and it requires, one would suppose, very little
thought, and such as the lowest capacity could at
any time bestow, to perceive not only the mean-
ness, but the absurdity of profane swearing; yet
so strong is the power of habit, that there are men
who, though they discover no flagrant deficiency of
intelligence, except in the use of oaths, will shake you
very cordially by the hand, and say, "Dame you,
how doye do!?" This is the familiar assula-
tion of several of my friends. I am neither, Gen-
tlemen, a clergyman, nor pedagogue, or all this
might be supposed to be in character; neither can
I think I am the canting hypocrite I have once or
twice been called, when I have ventured to find
fault with this mode of dialect, but my flesh ere, ps.,
(excuse the term) when I am under the necessity
of spending any time with persons of this descrip-
tion; and as some of them take the "Pox," I have
deemed it most proper, to offer my complaint thro'
its channel, trusting that, if you do not think proper
to use my language, you will tell them in your
own, that profane swearing is no ornament to lan-
guage, but is a distorted feature of speech, which
the ignorant make use of to give themselves con-
sequence; and further, that it is clearly discovers
a shallow head as cruelty evinces cowardice, or
the taking pleasure in giving pain testifies a rotten
heart.

INTEMPERANCE.

What a melancholy spectacle is it to the aged
and infirm parent, to see his son sink beneath
one of the most cruel vices that has ever yet entered
the human family. The situation of the
parent is full of uncertainties and trials. His
children may be either a curse or a blessing—the
disgrace or the ornament of his declining years.
A father, blessed with a virtuous son, may lay his
head in peace upon his pillow, and may even
part from the world with the consolatory idea
that he leaves a son worthy of himself. Reverse
the tablet, and you may have the picture of a pa-
rent, whose bosom is distressed by the sight of a
son gradually falling into the arms of dissipation,
debasement his manners by those of the low
company into which he enters, wasting his talents
in the greatest debauchery, and throwing
away his precious time in idleness and drunken-
ness. Cast your eyes around you, and see how
many promising young men there are, who entered
life with high hopes beaming on their
brow, cheered by the smiles of their family and
their friends, adorned with excellent educations,
and capable of rising rapidly to distinction and
fortune—yet, from some association which they
may have formed, some slight degree of indi-
gence in which they have originally fallen,
perhaps for want of fortitude to encounter their
first disappointment or misfortune, they are hurried
on to a habit of intoxication, and disgrace. Be-
fore me, the paths of vice are easily trod. Unless
the foot be firm, they are too slippery to be trusted.
You may easily acquire the habit of drinking.
Some drink because they have nothing else to do—
and idleness is the root of most evil. Some
drink because they have an agreeable friend;
and in good fellowship they do not like to refuse
the cup which he holds out. But take my word
for it, that by whatever motive you are impelled
to woo the mantling bowl, it requires a might
which few men possess, to wean themselves from
it and to break the spell once fastened upon
them.

THE MORALIST.

HOLY DAYS.

Some Christians to the Lord observe a day,
While others to the Lord observe it not;
And tho' these seem to choose a different way,
Yet both at last, in the same point are brought.
Who for the o'er-service pleads, may reason thus,
"As on this day our Saviour and our King
Perform'd a glorious act of love for us,
We keep the time in memory of the thing."
Hence he to Jesus points his good intent,
With pray'r and praises celebrates his name;
And as to Christ alone his love is meant,
The Lord accepts it—and who dares to blame.
For tho' the shell, indeed, is not the meat,
"Tis not rejected when the meat's within;
Tho' superstitution is a vain conceit,
Commoner on surely is no sin.

He likewise that to days hat no regard,
The shadow only for the substance quits,
Towards his Saviour's present press' and, And that preferring outward things omits;
For thus within he seriously reflects;
"My Lord alone I count my only good;
All empty forms for him my soul rejects,
And only seeks the riches of his blood.
All days in Jesus are my sole delight,
The first and worthiest object of my care;
For whose dear sake all outward shews I slight.
Last night but him should my devotion share."
Let not the observer, therefore, entertain
Against his brother any secret grudge;
And let the non-observer, too, refrain
From censuring others whom he should not judge.

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and her. But would you cease to love her as her mother did?—so I did, and said him I didn't like to trouble you. 'Well, well,' (says he,) 'I expect an honest widow may have a right to do such a thing as this.' (says I,) 'Mr. Shadwell, you are my good friend, and you have now of your own accord given a right of her temporal substance, but I'd break my own nerves your face, or I will.' Well, your honour, and so he prepared in that same, and made bold of her good, Oh, 'was more than jester's blood could break!' 'Say there, (says I,) jewel,' and on I stretch'd him along upon mother earth before he could say 'Wark.' And then they put the iron manacles on me, and tore my waist long away. I thought my brain would have crack'd; and so there took me Nature said Justice Ballymaglogiem; and poor Pat was committed for a rogue and a vagabond for robbing at all in all, and maner'd off for Cork under a military guard, and put into jail. A few days afterwards, and the transports were going to sail, so they turned me down to the beach, and there I found a great many more like myself. Well just as I was stepping into the boat, I heard the sweet voice of my own dear Norah, and so I step'd back again. 'Jump into the boat, you mutinous rascal,' says the Sergeant—'Hazard yourself, (says I,) Mr. Sergeant. Do you think this honour'd Majesty, that loves him, would refuse me one last embrace from the dear creature that I broke the bit again with? Arrash be ancy, and paws off!' for they began to handle me again, your honour. 'Let the poor fellow alone' (said the Midshipmate of the boat,) 'Let him alone to speak to the girl!'—'God bless you, young gentleman says I, for that same! May your father never have to sorrow over your mother's son! And so poor Norah came to me, but I couldn't throw my arms round her neck now, your honour, for the bracelets they clapped upon my wrists; but she stoop'd down and gave her between them, and we were folded to each other's hearts. Oh, Sir, I feel it at this moment, and hope you won't think the worse of poor Pat for the drop in his eye.

Well we were obliged to part. 'Oh, (says she,) Paddy, river, never forget your country or your Norah!' and bad luck to me, your honour, if ever I did. And she waved her apero till I saw her out of sight, and then I could have laid down and died. 'Never forget your country or your Norah,' were her last words, and they have been engraven on my heart, by the same token that corporal Flanagan, who had received a'vairty education, when he was lopp'd up to run errands, and shew shoes, composed the beautiful song, Oh, your honour it would do your heart good to hear it. Faith and it's here; I've got it along with a bit of broken gold and a lock of my own darling's hair all black and shining. On the 't's a rich treasure to poor Pat! My hair was like it once, but now my head is silvered over with the snow of age; but my heart is as warm as ever, and melts with tenderness spite of the frost of adversity that has so often nipp'd it. Would your honour like to read that same or shall I read it to you? Oh, I can repeat it by heart, for sure it's always laying near it.

Dear land of my fathers! their glory and pride, Who fought for their homes, and in freedom's cause died, The hallow'd green turf mound marks each sacred spot, And their spirits still cry, Let us never be forgot! Forget you? Ah never! while Shannon's stream flows, And jealousy's tree over the green ground grows, Till light's latest breath from my lips shall depart.

Will Paddy forget you?—ah never!

My lovely green meadows all sparkling with dew, When home from far I come to my new! Remembrance now pictures the auld home, And I long for her last words, Let me never be forgot! Forget you? Ah never! though me far apart still fight, I am honest still the poor heart,

Till light's latest breath from my lips shall depart.

Will Paddy forget you?—ah never!

There, your honour, what do you think of that for a composition? Oh—sure it's a sublimity, and bares your criticals and your mad riggits, your odds and your songlets, all to nothing. 'Will Paddy forget you? Ah never!' But to make the long of the short of it, and go on with my story, I was sent aboard of a transport, and next day we sailed with the rest for the West Indies; and all the passage up I was drill'd morning, noon and night, till I was as thous a prateable—marching and counter-marching between two guns on the deck that weren't more than six feet asunder; and what with the sea-sickness and the drilling, and six upon four? I was almost distil'd by the time we got to Jamaica, where they make negroes of the poor blacks. Well, many years after this, the regiment was ordered to the River Plate, and so we landed in Maldonado Bay, and took the island of Gorgetta. Oh, your honour, it made my heart ake to see the poor simile bleeding on the ground, and to be obliged to stick my bayonet into the breast of a fellow creature! But I thought of my auld mother's advice, sure—'D'ye think duty like a man?' After this we sailed up to Montevideo; and I shall never forget to remember that same, when we stormed the beach over a scaling ladder of dead bodies, that came tumbling down upon us as fast as we could get up. Bye, and by-somebody fetches me the terriblest peke on the scence! I made the light dance in my eyes like sparks from a sky-rocket; and who should it be but my old friend Sergeant Linstock, sure, as dead as a redherring your honour. 'Ling like to you jewel, (says I,) for taking yourself out of the way so dencely—but my heart smote me as soon as I had said it—blame to you, Paddy, (thought I,) to refuse at the downfall of any man, you don't know how soon it may be your own turn; and it struck me all of a sleep, so I stand stock still. 'On, on, my brave fellows!' roared somebody in the rear, giving me a bayonet! It made me jump like a billy goat, and so I rushed on, headed by our brave Captain, so we entered the town. Well, there was a comical fellow of the name of Taylor, (he was a sadow-cum-manding a little brig) advanced with us, having bag of union-jacks upon his shoulder to hang upon the batteries. When we got into the great square, old Elio, the Governor, stood ready to receive us as we charged, said Taylor, running on knock'd him down, with the bag of jacks, and after that, oh 'was all dickey with 'em! 'Arrash, Paddy, what booty have you got!' says corporal Blanckete 'ounds the scurvy,' says I. 'On, come to your heart, look here!' says he, and so, your honour, he turns round upon his back, and puts his hand into his hair-sack, and pulls out a little silver image that I knew at first glance was St. Peter—'On you tip o' the world, (says I,) what, rob a church?'—No, no, (says the corporal,) I had him from an honest priest to redeem his corporal scurvy made him from danger. And see here (opening his ear-trush-box, and showing another) and here (lapping on his knapsack, that bold'd out)—see here, I've got all the saints in the Calendar decently buckled up—faith, 'here's enough to make an Almanack!' But what pleased me most was the good cheer we met with after our long voyage—Plaingane, we wasn't long getting the compacktives to work. Oh there was beef and mutton for picking up, and turkeys and chickens enough to stock all the *spahetters* in the United Kingdom. Oh, your honour, didn't we live like fighting cocks, sure! 'Pish, but there's a'rontime, and we must bid you good day. I hope no offence, but I should be proud to du myself the honour of your acquaintance, as I would; and you could make it convenient to give poor Pat a call now and then, arrah 'would cause joy to dance in his heart, and pleasure would stretch out the wrinkle wader'd countenance. Long live to your honour, and may God bless you!'

* * * open for] when provisions run short, six men are placed upon four meals allowance.

Clothes—The initials of the five ships belong, ing to masters, T. P. Cope & Son, from the name of a celebrated French actor, and also that of a well known island in the Mediterranean. Each name also consists of five letters.

Toussaints

Alouettes

Lamours

Montagnes

Alouettes.

The namesakes is remarkable.

A VIEW OF THE GRAND CIVIC ARCH
Erected in Chestnut street, opposite the Hall of Independence, in honor of the arrival of Gen. LA FAYETTE in the City of Philadelphia, on the 28th Sept.



This Arch was forty-five feet in front, and twelve in depth, containing a basement story of the Doric order, from whence the Arch ascended to the height of twenty-four feet above the pavement of the streets.

The abutments, or spandrels of the Arch, as will be seen by the cut above, on the front were ornamented with figures of Fame, with arms extended, and mutually holding a civic wreath over the key-stone of the Arch.

The wings on each side bore the representation of niches, in which were placed statues of Liberty, Victory, Independence, and Plenty, having each appropriate motto inscribed in panels.

The whole building was surmounted by an entablature, 33 feet from the pavement, and supported by a flight of steps in the centre, upon which was placed the arms of the city, furnished by Mr. Sully, in his usual style of excellency.

On each side of the arms was a statue—that on the South representing Justice—that on the North Wisdom, each furnished with its appropriate emblems. These were sculptured by Mr. Rush.

The whole Arch was constructed of a substantial Frame, covered with canvas, painted in imitation of stone. It was designed by Mr. Strickland, and executed by Messrs. Warren, Darley, and Jefferson. The superficial surface of the painted canvas amounted to 3,000 square feet.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have frequently noticed that men of warm tempers, and minds filled with fiery zeal about little matters, are very liable to show themselves to a disadvantage, at one time another. He that speaks or writes a great deal, has need of a good memory, if he does not sometimes appear inconsistent with himself—unless all that he speaks, and all that he writes, is founded upon fixed and unalterable principles.

These observations occur on advertizing to some religious works which have been committed to public view for the instruction of mankind, (professedly so at least,) with the law entered on the back of the title page, for the security of the copy right.

If these works were presented by persons who make a business of religious instruction by selling it for money, there would be an appearance of consistency; but when they come from such as profess to believe in the propriety of renouncing all pecuniary considerations for religious services, the transaction has rather a squalid appearance. They cannot take money for preaching, because the gospel should be free from considerations of temporal interest; but they can write their instructions, of a religious character, or get such writings from the hands of other people, put them into the hands of a printer, and secure the copy right, so that they may pocket the surplus proceeds; and nobody can supply the public with the work but themselves, without the risk of prosecution, damages and costs. One person tells us, he secured the copy-right to his performance that he might have the controul of every copy! But after the price is paid for a copy of this work at the bookseller's, it then becomes the property of the purchaser, and I would query of the author what controul he has over it? He had a control till he got the money, and there it ceased. Was not the money the object, rather than the controul?

I contend that it is no better to publish religious instruction with an intention of making money by it, than it is to preach for the same purpose. Printing, making paper, binding, and trading in books, are all lawful, honest callings, for which a person ought to be reasonably compensated, in the same manner as he that devotes his time to other useful vocations. And it is no more a religious act in a printer to print a religious work, than it is in a paper-maker to make the paper it is printed on. These are all acts merely manual, and are entitled to compensation, as other acts of labour or service. But what I aim at is the new fashioned system of getting gain by publishing religious instruction under popular titles, at unconscionable high prices, with copy-right secured. This appears to be an effort to turn religion into a channel of temporal interest, and to make it the source of speculation and profit; not, indeed, in a compulsory way, like those priests who claim tithes in Great Britain, but on subjects purely religious, they stand upon a parallel; and claiming money, or accepting it for the exercise of the hand, is exactly upon a parallel with that of receiving pay for preaching a sermon.

Consistency is an excellent motto. Freely ye have received—freely give, is an excellent command to the christian minister, whether he communicates verbally, or by writing. There is no more reason that a man should claim compensation, or pay, for the motion of his fingers with a pen in them, than for the motions of his tongue, and the oral functions. On temporal subjects, it is right enough that he be rewarded for either; but on subjects purely religious, they stand upon a parallel; and claiming money, or accepting it for the exercise of the hand, is exactly upon a parallel with that of receiving pay for preaching a sermon.

AMBOY.

Wesleyan Methodist General Conference.

The eighty-first Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists commenced at Leeds on the 20th of July, and was concluded on the 10th of August. Upwards of three hundred and sixty preachers were present. The Rev. Robert Newton was chosen President, and the Rev. Jabez Bunting, Secretary. An immense number of strangers assembled, from all parts of the country, and the interest excited by the religious services was more extensive than at any former period.

The General having received the Ring, pressed it to his bosom, and replied:

'The feelings which, at this awful moment, upon my bosom, do not leave me the power of ut-

terance. I can only thank you, my dear Castle, for your precious gift, and pay a silent homage to the sum of the greatest and best of men, my paternal friend!'

The General affectionately embraced the donor, and the other three gentlemen, and, gazing intently on the recoupage of departed greatness, fervently pressed his lips to the door of the vault, while tears filled the furrows in the veteran's cheeks!—The key was now applied to the lock—the door flew open, and discovered the coffin, strewed with flowers and evergreens. The General descended the steps, and kissed the linden cells which contained the ashes of the great Chief and his venerable consort, and then retired in an excess of feeling which language is too poor to describe. After partaking of refreshments at the house, and making a slight tour in the grounds, the General returned to the shore. No soul intruded upon the privacy of the visit to the Tomb; nothing occurred to disturb its reverential solemnity. The old oaks which grow around the sepulchre, touched with the mellow lustre of autumn, appeared rich and ripe, as the autumnal honors of La Fayette. Not a murmur was heard, save the strains of solemn music, and the deep and measured sound of artillery, which awoke the echoes around the hallowed heights of Mount Vernon.

'Tis done! the greatest, the most affecting scene of the grand drama has closed, and the pilgrim who now repairs to the tomb of the Father of his Country will find its laurels moistened by the tear of La Fayette.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The ship *Colossus* arrived at this Port from Liverpool, has brought papers of that place to the 20th, and those of London to the 18th Sept.

On the morning of the 17th September, the Mexican Gazette, containing the official account of Murtrie's execution, was received in London, and was the cause of an immediate rise in South American stocks. "The moment the rattle went," says a London paper, "the demand for Mexican securities was immense."

Great preparations were making throughout Great Britain for the ensuing election of members of Parliament.

The English papers give very brief notices of the reception of La Fayette in the United States.

The Emperor of Russia set out on the 28th of Aug. on a tour through the Southern Provinces of his Empire. By an order of the Russian Minister of Finances, the import duties on foreign oil are, in future, to be paid only on their net weight. His majesty has issued a ukase, by which all Jews, who are not physicians or established merchants, are ordered to renounce, by the year 1825, the petty commerce they have carried on, trades, &c. and to return to the occupation of their ancestors, that is to say, to till the ground. The publication of this ukase has occasioned great consternation among the numerous Jewish population of Russia and Poland.

From Spain there is little information of importance. One hundred and sixty persons have been arrested at Vich, in Catalonia.

The leading article in the British papers relate chiefly to the last illness of the King of France. Various premature reports of his death were circulated; but at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 17th Sept. expresses arrived at London with positive intelligence of the fact. The event took place at four o'clock on the morning of Thursday Sept. 16th, and was known at Calais, at half past 5 o'clock by means of telegraphic despatches from the capital.

The last news from Greece is given in the following letter, copied from a Frankfort paper of the 12th of Sept.

Mr. Cannon was on a visit to Ireland, his native country.

IRELAND.—A public dinner has been given in Dublin, to the celebrated Irish Barrister, Daniel O'Connell, as a tribute of respect for his public and private virtues, and particularly for his ceaseless, splendid and eloquent exertions in the cause of his fellow Catholics.

The solemn and imposing scene of the visit of La Fayette to the tomb of Washington took place on Sunday, the 17th inst. About one o'clock the General left the Steam Boat Petersburgh at anchor, off Mount Vernon, and was received into a barge manned and steered by Captains of vessels from Alexandria, who had handomely volunteered their services for this interesting occasion. He was accompanied in the barge by his family and suite, and Mr. Secretary Calhoun. On reaching the shore, he was received by Mr. Lewis, the Neophyte of Washington, and by the gentle men of the family of Judge Washington, (the Judge himself being absent on official duties,) and conducted to the ancient mansion, where, forty years ago, he took the last leave of his "Hero, his friend, and our country's presv'r." After remaining a few minutes in the house, the General proceeded to the Vault, supported by Mr. Lewis, and the gentle men relatives of the Judge, and accompanied by G. W. La Fayette, and G. W. Custis, the children of Mount Vernon, both having shared the paternal estate of the Great Chief. Mr. Custis wrote the *Ring* suspended from a Cincinnati Ribbon. Arrived at the sepulchre, after a pause, Mr. Custis addressed the General as follows:

"Last of the Generals of the Army of Independence! At this awful and impressive moment, when forgetting the splendour of triumph greater than Roman Consul ever had, you bend with reverence over the remains of Washington, the Child of Mount Vernon presents you with this token, containing the hair of him, whom, while living, you loved, and to whose honored grave you now pay the manly and affecting tribute of a Patriot's and a Soldier's tear. The Ring has ever been an emblem of the union of hearts, from the earliest ages of the world, and this will unite the affections of all the Americans, to the person and posterity of La Fayette now and hereafter; and when your descendants of a distant day shall behold this valued relic, it will remind them of the heroic virtues of their illustrious sire, who received it, not in the palaces of princes, or amid the pomp and vanities of life, but at the laurelled grave of Washington.—Do you ask—Is that the *Mausoleum*, befitting the ashes of a Marcus Aurelius, or the good Antonius? I tell you, that the Father of his Country lies buried in the hearts of his countrymen, and in those of the brave, the good, the free, of all ages and nations. Do you seek for the tablets, which are to convey his fame to immortality? They have long been written in the freedom and happiness of his country. These are the monumental trophies of Washington the Great, and will endure when the proudest works of Art have dissolved and left not a wreath behind." Venerable man! Will you never tire in the cause of freedom and human happiness? Is it not time that you should rest from your generous labours, and repose on the bosom of a country which delights to live and honour you, and will teach her children to bless your name and memory? Save where liberty dwells, there must be the country of La Fayette. Our fathers witnessed the dawn of your glory, partook of its meridian splendor, and oh! let their children enjoy the benign radiance of your setting sun; and, when it shall sink in the horizon of nature, here, here with pious duty, we will form your sepulchre, and, united in death, as in life, by the side of the Great Chief, you will rest in peace, till the last trump awakes the slumbering world, and calls your virtues to their great reward. The joyous shouts of millions of freemen bailed your returned foot-prints on our sands. The arms of nations are opened wide to hug you to their grateful hearts, and the prayers of millions ascend to the throne of Almighty Power, and implore that the choicest blessings of heaven will crown the latter days of La Fayette."

On Sunday evening last, an eloquent discourse was preached in Dr. Romayne's Church, New York, by the Rev. Mr. Summerfield; after which two hundred and sixteen dollars, and sixty-one cents were collected for the benefit of the Poor.

On Monday night, between the hours of eight and ten o'clock, the Jewellery store of Mr. John R. Shinkle, at the corner of Third and Chestnut streets, was entered, and about \$3500 dollars worth of goods, chiefly gold watches, taken from it.

On Tuesday morning a person was brought before the mayor by a watchman, and was tried for drunkenness and uttering forty five profane oaths. The fine was 67 cents each oath, and imprisonment 48 hours for each, in case of non-payment of the fine, besides 24 hours' imprisonment for being drunk. The culprit chose the latter alternative, and was accordingly committed to prison.

The Postmaster General has directed that a mail for the city of New York shall be made up every morning, and sent by the Citizen's Coach. The mail will be closed at half past five. The arrangement is in addition to the present regular eastern mail, which closes daily at ten o'clock in the afternoon.

An inquest was held by Ephraim Miller, Esq. on Sunday last, on the body of a person unknown, found on the shore of the Delaware, near Red Bank, dressed in the garb of a seaman, and appeared to belong to the U. S. Steamer John Adams.

There is a religious sect at Manchester, Eng. and in Philadelphia, which abstains from all animal food.

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The celebrated Mr. Owen, of Lanark, Scotland, has purchased the Harmony Establishment, and is about to emigrate to the United States.

Fine American Cloths are not now rare—and with respect to Flannels, we have heard a dealer in goods say it was almost impossible to distinguish between domestic and foreign. We cannot raise the productions which depend on other countries, but we can have whatever depends on our own ingenuity and effort—and make an exchange mutually profitable.</

the Bible Society, received during the month of September, \$4100 and 16 cents; and J. Hitchcock, the agent, issued Bibles and Testaments to the value of \$1400 and 77 cents.

The first part of the History of the State of New-York, by John V. N. Taten and Joseph W. Moulton, Esquires, is now in the Press, and will be published in a few weeks.

The Georgia Advertiser states that the bank at

Hamburg, S. C. has stopped payment.

The Quaker papers state that on the 11th instant, there was an unusually heavy fall of snow at that place. In the neighbourhood of the city is well to the depth of three and a half inches.

A majority of the citizens of H. Island, appear

to prefer the Charter of King Charles to a Constitution.

A Tontine Hotel is to be erected at New-Haven, Conn. where the house stands now occupied by Gen. Ogden.

The culture of Tea is extending in Louisiana.—But most of the estimation of Tea depends on the distance it is brought—when raised at home it will lose much of its value. Our herbs have always been better.

The Rhode Island Agricultural Society offered a premium for six Capons, but none were presented.

At a court at Worcester (Mass.) a man has been convicted of forgery, in altering a promissory note from four to fourteen, sentenced to solitary imprisonment ten days, and hard labour three years, in the State's Prison.

Sentence of death was passed by Judge Story, at Boston, last week upon Perry Anthony, for the murder of an American in the Bay of Honduras, to be executed the 21st of December.

From Port Crawford, September 3d, we have

accounts of several murders by the Indians.—Two deserters from St. Anthony were found on the road to St. Louis, killed and scalped by the Chippewas. And four respectable men, on their way from the Prairie to St. Anthony were killed and scalped by a war party of the same tribe.—Much excitement is caused by these atrocious acts.

The shop Franklin, Doughty, on her passage from Albany for New-York, ran on a fishing stake, when off Haverstraw, which had been broken off some distance under water. The stake went through her bottom near the mast.

A mass of granite, 22 feet in length by over four in diameter, was drawn from Chelmsford to Boston, for one of the pillars of the U. S. Branch Bank, to be erected in that city. It is said to weigh 18 tons, and was drawn by 34 yoke of oxen, stopping at the cattle show and fair at Brighton for exhibition.

An attempt was made to poison Philip P. Schuyler, Esq. of Waterford, N. Y. by an indented servant. The girl had procured arsenic and while preparing tea mixed a large quantity of the poison with it. Shortly after he had taken tea Mr. S. was seized with a violent pain and vomiting. By this means the arsenic was discharged and he was speedily relieved.

The Charleston Courier states, that five black spots may now be seen with a good spy glass, as the sun rises, or until it is from five to seven degrees above the horizon. The spots form a curve in about 1.8th of the Sun's diameter from its centre, in the N. E. quarter.

The sheriff of Franklin county, (Conn.) has offered a reward of \$100 for the apprehension of a man named John Russel, alias George Willington, alias Rosewell, a counterfeiter, who escaped from Dubuque jail on the 21st ult.

A pump has been invented at Baltimore, which is said to work almost of itself, and to raise the water to any given height. The expense of making it is small, and the plan simple.

Negro Jim, belonging to a Mr. Parker, was last week tried at Gates Superior Court, N. Carolina, for the murder of Mr. R. Cross, of that county, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed on the 23d November next.

John Reynolds, of New-York, who was confined in prison at Havana for nearly a year, charged with being concerned in an affray that terminated fatally to an individual has been released, through the intercession of Mr. Stoughton, the Spanish Consul at this port.

In Epsom (N. H.) Charles Henry Lord, only son of Capt. Edward D. Lord, aged 6 years, was killed instantly by his clothes getting entangled in the gearing of a water wheel in a fulling mill.

A young man in Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, a few days since turned a small charge of powder into his rifle, and fired it without putting down a wad—the rifle was torn to pieces, and the man's hat was cut almost into two parts by one of the fragments, but he fortunately received no material injury. Sixty three pieces were afterwards collected.

On the 14th inst. an action for false imprisonment was tried at Montreal, Joseph Roy, plaintiff, and Joseph Grafton, defendant. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages two thousand francs.

Great Business.—An Insurance Company of New Orleans, which has a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, divided into three hundred shares, with but one tenth part thereof actually paid in, divided, within the last six years, after paying one hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars losses, forty six dollars and twenty-five cents per share per annum.

A man named Bunting was sentenced, on Monday week, in the Prince William court of Virginia, to be hung for murder, which he perpetrated on a Mr. Galibier, while asleep, in the day time, at Dumfries, Va. in August last. The trial of B. occupied the court till 11 o'clock at night.

Thomas Campbell, esq. author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. is said to have a new volume of Poems in the Press.

He is in contemplation to connect Barnstable and Buzzard Bays, by a Canal. This will obviate the necessity of doubling Cape Cod, which is often attended with danger, always with great delay—and to which 5000 vessels are annually exposed.

By reports received at the Navy Department, through Commodore Porter, from Thompson's Island, as late as the 28th ult. it appears that the creek had become navigable, and that the general health of the place had very much improved.

M. Quincy, the vigilant and humane Mayor of the City of Boston, with characteristic promptitude and good feeling, has solicited a subscription for the relief and benefit of the mother of M. Bruce, who was wholly dependent on the labor of her son for subsistence. Mr. B. was the unfortunate gentleman who lost his life the other day by the infamous negligence of some militiamen at the trial.

The French brig Cosmopolis, arrived at Port-au-Prince, on the 5th inst. with the Haythen Commissioners, on their return from an unsuccessful mission to France. The failure of their attempt to negotiate produced a sensation at Port-au-Prince, and a general spirit of animosity against the French residents, who, it was believed, would be obliged to flee from the place.

A gentleman received a remittance from Hays, N. J. Eikton, (Md.) and Bank of Potowmack, in presenting them at bank the whole were produced.

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Mr. Jared Atwater, of New-Haven, Conn. has raised some very fine apples—one of which weighed twenty-one ounces, and measured fifteen inches in circumference.

Mr. Daniel Jenks of Salem, Mass. has shown a fine looking Pear, of the kind called Bon Chretien D'Espagne, which grew in his garden, the weight of which was twenty-six ounces and one quarter.

James Wellington, one of the men accused of having murdered Mr. Bonsal, a few months since, in Chester county, has been found guilty by the jury. John Thompson, one of the persons implicated, has been acquitted. The Court is proceeding with the trial of Boyce. Wellington had been sentenced to imprisonment for life in the state prison of New York, but was pardoned by the Governor, on condition of his leaving the state.

frightened. The blow was so violent, that Mr. Park survived but about four hours and a half, leaving a wife and three children to mourn their irreparable loss. Mr. P. was in his 45th year.

New Orleans papers to the 23d ult. reflected at New York, represent the fever as decreasing—only four deaths by fever from the 19th to the 22d.

In the town of Elliott, Mass. on the 6th inst. Mrs. Davis, wife of Mr. Patten Davis, put a period to her existence, by hanging herself with a skein of yarn. No particular cause can be assigned for committing the unnatural act, but she at times appeared to be in a gloomy state of mind, and was thought to have meditated on it for some time. A short time before she committed the deed, she passed one of her children, and told him "he must be a good boy."

Silk Handkerchiefs, having the likeness of Washington and La Fayette on them have been imported at New York from France.

The sheriff of Schuylkill county has issued a proclamation, dated the 15th inst. in which it is set forth, that the public execution of the unfortunate Zimmerman, who had been respite, thirty days by the governor, will take place on Monday the 1st of November next, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and two o'clock in the afternoon.

Accidental death.—In Princeton (N. H.) Capt. Timmy Morse, aged 65. He was at work on a stone wall, upon a steep side hill, when he suddenly fell from it, upon his feet, to the ground; but in attempting to preserve his balance, by running forward, his feet slipped, and he fell, his head striking upon a rock with such force as to terminate his existence in a few moments. He was one of the early settlers of the town—a revolutionary soldier—an industrious farmer, and a respected and worthy citizen.

Mr. L. Disbrow, of Brunswick, N. J. has disengaged and brought his theory to the test of experiment, that by boring the earth to a proper depth, a stream of water may be made to flow any where in that region of country. He commenced his operations by boring the earth near New Brunswick, to the depth of 160 feet. A stream of pure water issues up and discharges 1600 gallons in 24 hours, and increases in proportion to the depth of the aquifer's descent. He contemplates that this discovery will enable any man who can afford the expense, to have a stream of water of the most delicious flavour issuing at his own door, and that this will in a great measure supersede the necessity of sinking wells, and the use of pumps.

A letter from a gentleman in Paris, to his friend in New York, dated September 10th, says, "Should you send any newspapers or publications relative to our friend the General, direct to Mr. —, with request to send by private hand or diligence; don't put my name, or Paris on the superscription. The Censure would not, and has not allowed the General's arrival to be mentioned in the newspapers; but by and by, when we get matter enough, the whole of your doings will be given in a pamphlet."

The Belle, which brought to Coquimbo the news of the mutiny, &c. on board the ship Globe, left Valparaiso about June 22, at which time those who arrived in the vessel had been several days under examination. We understand that the ringleaders of the plot entered the cabin about or before day-light and murdered the captain and first officer, one with an axe and the other by shooting, as they lay in their births.—The second mate was on deck, and they had promised him, previous to going below to commit their hellish purpose, that in case he made no noise, nor offered any resistance, his life should be spared, to which he assented. On coming on deck, however, they threw him overboard, alive, and he was drowned. The ship had about 700 barrels oil on board. Comstock, the steward, who was murdered by them on shore, was a brother of the ring-leader, who had been previously killed by the mutineers, in a quarrel. Some of the Globe's crew, it is said, were foreigners, shipped at the Sandwich Islands.

Capt. Wright, of the British ship Medway, discovered on the 5th of March, an Island, which, from its non-appearance in any books or charts, is very fairly supposed to be a new discovery.—The second mate was on deck, and they had promised him, previous to going below to commit their hellish purpose, that in case he made no noise, nor offered any resistance, his life should be spared, to which he assented. On coming on deck, however, they threw him overboard, alive, and he was drowned. The ship had about 700 barrels oil on board. Comstock, the steward, who was murdered by them on shore, was a brother of the ring-leader, who had been previously killed by the mutineers, in a quarrel. Some of the Globe's crew, it is said, were foreigners, shipped at the Sandwich Islands.

We have, in this week's paper, given the weight, size, and circumference of several mammoth potatoes, pumpkins, squashes, &c. We also mention an unusually large turnip, now in our office, which weighed, with the top, six pounds and a half, and measured thirty inches round. It was raised on the farm of Merritt Horner, on Pea shore, N. J. who has been very successful in the culture of this vegetable, this season, having several more on his plantation, much larger than the one which has been pre-estimated.

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A senseless, noisy, gay, bold, blustering blockhead; A rascal!

Slander, worst of passions, ever finds An easy entrance to ignoble minds."

Dear reader, if ever you felt disposed to commiserate the hapless condition in which we poor Editors, who are constantly toiling for your benefit, are sometimes placed, now is the time to exert your sympathy on our behalf. Some on flung writing, resembling, so far as we are able to form an opinion from his essay, in most respects, the character drawn in the quotation from Otway, which we have prefixed to these remarks, has opened the whole artillery of his force against us, and appears resolved to accomplish our destruction with his all-powerful "paper bullets of the brain." An enemy, endowed with such extraordinary abilities as this same "learned Theban" seems to possess, is no mean adversary, especially as he must be well versed in classic erudition, since he has somewhere met with a worn-out anecdote of Ovid, which he relates to the public by way of displaying his superior knowledge in ancient lore. He is a most wonderful scholar truly, for he has either read or heard of Scott, Moore, and Hyatt, and he very gravely assures us, that our productions are frequently mistaken, by him for those of the gentlemen just mentioned, which but to his ignorance, and not to any skill of our own. Notwithstanding this compliment to our talents, however, he becomes tremendously enraged at something, (which we shall try to discover by-and-by,) and hurls a defiance in our teeth so valiantly, that we are almost afraid to meet him. Do not be surprised, reader, at the sudden reversal of sentiment manifested in this inconsistent action, for a hint which he lets fall respecting the "west end of the Hospital," affords fair ground for the supposition that he has lately escaped from thence; and we fear that unless measures are speedily taken to return him to the custody of his keepers, he will perpetrate some "deed of dreadful note." But, let us endeavour to ascertain what has irritated him so violently against the unoffending "Post," and if, in the investigation, any thing respecting his long-lost senses is developed, we shall be happy to assist him, (although our professed enemy,) in the recovery of them. Most of our readers will recollect, that in the last number of our paper, we published a few innocent observations, for the purpose of refuting a slanderous tale, which had been industriously circulated to the prejudice of a highly respectable individual, residing in the neighbourhood of our office. Our object in doing this, was only to render that justice to the party injured which his feelings required, and we felt ourselves performing a laudable action, in giving publicity to a circumstance of the kind. A writer

in the United States' Gazette of Thursday, has, nevertheless, chosen to take umbrage at our

newspaper, and in a filthy "communication," occupying a column and a half, pours upon us, in one

repeated at the Circum, which, over some time past, has been as well

attended (by beauty and fashion too) that number have not had an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity.

At the Park Theatre, New-York, the Catarract of the Ganges was performed, on the evening of the 28th, the 23d time—this piece will be laid aside at the Circum, which, over some time past, has been as well

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Green-Room Intelligence.

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Vertebral the science of life.
This gives it all its flavor.

Answers to the Puzzles in the Saturday Evening Post of the 16th instant.

1. None.
2. Blunderbus.
3. By striking the 8.
4. TOBACCO.
5. Woman.
6. Night-shade.
7. Curfew.
8. Morning.
9. Aurora.

Another on his ship being paid off at Portsmouth (Eng.) hired a post-chaise to convey him to town, and particularly ordered the postilion to keep a look-out ahead, and be sure to inform him where they touched upon Bagnot Heath for (to use his own expression) he had heard, that that road "was abominably infested with pirates," and had provided himself with a quantity of pistols, and other deadly weapons, and armed "from top to toe," as he crept into the vehicle, bidding the driver "show off," with a volley of imprecations. Nothing mysterious occurred till they reached the borders of a desolate province, when the postilions turned round and informed "his honor," they were upon the Heath—"Then damme," quoth he, thrusting both his feet through the front glass of the chaise, "down with the bulk heads, and stand prepared for action!" and in this position, with each hand in each hand, to give the enemy a handhold in case of his appearance, the far continued to the end of his journey.

A traveller entering a tavern called loudly for sling—"Beware honey," said an Irishman, "Go not by a sling and so may you."

Clothes Jew d' Esprit—Soon after the appointment of his honor, the Master of the Rolls, to his judicial functions in that Court, we are informed that the Minister of a chapel in a legal establishment, preached a discourse from the following words—"And his honor shall be highly spoken of in the Temple."

The eldest daughter of Dr. Doddridge was a most lovely and engaging child. As she was a great darling with her family and friends, she often received invitations to different places at the same time. Her father once asked her, on such an occasion, what made every body love her so well? She answered, "Indeed, papa, I cannot think, unless it be because I love every body." This interesting child died before she had completed her fifth year.

He that resigns his peace to casualties, and suffers the course of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadvertencies or offences, delivers up himself to the direction of the wind, and loses all that constancy and equanimity, which constitute the chief praise of a wise man.

AGRICULTURE.

We present our readers with the following beautiful and eloquent passage from Mr. Bodle's Address before the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, which is printed in the fourth volume of the American Farmer.

"I have failed to prove," says Mr. Bodle, "that the pursuits of agriculture may be as lucrative as other employments, it will be an easier task to vindicate their pleasures and their importance. I need not dwell on that retirement, one of the purest enjoyments of this life, and the best preparation for the future, on those healthy occupations, on that calmness of mind, on that high spirit of manhood and independence, which naturally belong to that condition. These are attractions which must have deep roots in the human heart, since they have in all times fascinated at once the imagination and won the judgment of men. But I may be allowed to say, that, in this nation, agriculture is probably destined to attain its highest honors, and that the country life of America ought to possess peculiar attractions—The pure and splendid institutions of this people have embodied the brightest dreams of those high spirits, who in other times and in other lands, have lamented or struggled against oppression; they have realized the fine conceptions which speculative men have imagined, which wise men have planned, or brave men valiantly pursued in attempting to establish. Their influence in reclaiming the lost dignity of man, and inspiring the loftiest feelings of personal independence, may be traced in every condition of our citizens; but, as all objects are most distinctly by insulation, their effects are peculiarly obvious in the country.

"The American farmer is the exclusive, absolute, uncontrollable proprietor of the soil. His tenure is not from the government; the government derives its power from him. There is above him nothing but God and the laws; no hereditary authority usurping the distinctions of personal genius; no established church spreading its dark shadow between him and heaven. His frugal government neither desires nor dares to oppress the son; and the altars of religion are supported only by the voluntary offerings of sincere piety. His pursuits, which no perversion can render injurious to any, are directed to the common benefit of all. In multiplying the bounties of Providence, in the improvement and embellishment of the soul, in the case of the inferior animals committed to his charge, he will find an ever varying and interesting employment, dignified by the union of the liberal studies, and enlivened by the exercise of a simple and generous hospitality. His character assumes a higher interest by its influence over the public liberty. It may not be foretold to what dangers this country is destined, when its swelling population, its expanding territory, its daily complicating interests, shall awake the latent passions of men, and reveal the vulnerable points of our institutions. But, whenever these perils come, its most judicious security, its unsailing reliance, will be on that column of landed proprietors—the sons of the soil and of the country—standing aloof from the passions which agitate denser communities, well educated, brave, and independent, the friends of the government without soliciting its favors, the advocates of the people, without descending to flatter their passions; these men, rooted like their own forests, may yet interpose between the factions of the country, to lead, to defend, and to save."

BALM OF COLUMBIA,

An important recent Chemical Discovery.

The Indians and Centennials of this city, and the country, are very difficult to find, that John Oldisick has fortunately discovered, by the power of Chemistry, the grandissimum of inventing Balm from falling oil, in forty-eight hours from its first application. This Balm, with most absolute, restores the hair to its original luster and thickness, and also restores it again if it be lost. The young hair always appears on the person who uses it over so old, by applying it occasionally it will prevent the hair from falling off.

JOHN OLDISICK,
101 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, is
the inventor of this Balm, and the sole
proprietor of it. He has the Balm of Colum-
bia in the United States.

LARGEST collection of Books, Maps & Pictures, in
the world, for sale at the sale of the Balm of Colum-
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